

JENNY

(Original.)

After the battle of Guasimas I was in charge of a hospital in which the wounded were placed. There was one young fellow, Eugene Clifford, who, though he had not been badly hit, was so reduced by the heat that I began to fear he would succumb. He was a plucky little chap under fire; that I learned from several of the other patients who had been in the fight with him, but drooped under inaction. Besides he had been very delicately brought up. I asked him if I should not send word for some of his family to come out to him, but he said he had run away from home to join the army against his father's express wish, also knowing that it would be a great blow to his mother. Now he expressly desired that they should not know of his condition till he was well out of it.

But the weather grew hotter, and the poor fellow kept losing strength. It was plain that he was suffering from malarial fever, or homesickness, a trouble far more common in war than cowardice. Could I have brought some member of his family to him I felt reasonably certain that it would save his life, but I didn't know whom to address, and, well, to tell the truth, he was not the only man in the hospital I had on my mind, and I didn't have time to take any action.

One day we secured a lot of women nurses. When they began to fit about among the patients with their neat white caps and aprons and striped dresses, many a poor fellow's face that had been gloomy enough before lighted up with new life. The day of their arrival I was at work with a case so distressing that I placed a screen about the patient to shut him off from the others. From behind this screen I heard voices:

"It was very good of you, Jenny, to come down here to take care of me. The surgeon wanted to send for some one from home, but I wouldn't let him. You see, mother didn't want me to go to the war, and it would not be the right thing to have any one come to this Tophet on my account or even to let you know I've been winged, for they'd do a lot of worrying, especially mother."

I recognized Clifford's voice and looked over the screen and saw one of the nurses sitting by him, holding his hand.

"You must keep up a good heart," she replied, "so that you may get well and go home."

"That I'll do very quickly now you're here. I've nothing but a scratch, you know, and ought not to be here at all. But somehow it's taken the strength out of me."

"I'll come to you often, but now that I'm here I must help the others too. So I'll go away for a while—not long, then we'll talk some more of going home."

As the nurse went out I beckoned her to come to me and asked an explanation. She told me that Clifford was a trifle tighty and had mistaken her for some one at home. Thinking that the arrival of the real Jenny—for as soon as Clifford came to himself the illusion would be gone—might save the boy's life, we concluded to send a message to that effect to his people. The nurse found letters in his pockets giving the desired address, and the message was sent. Clifford when not delirious treated the nurse as a stranger, but when delirious as "Jenny." Meanwhile he was losing strength daily.

One morning soon after the arrival of a ship from the north I was told that Miss Clifford was on the veranda and wished to see me. I went out there and saw a young woman in trained nurse costume.

"I have come to take care of my brother," she said, "though I am also ready for other work. I was sent here as a nurse for all."

There was that about Miss Clifford which attracted me at once, a resolute bearing, an especially graceful figure, a large, dark, honest eye. Beyond these there was something which appealed to me individually, though it is not to be described. I conducted her to her brother's bedside. There had been a change in him for the worse during the night, and he was muttering incoherently to the supposed Jenny. The real sister took her place, but it seemed to make no difference to the patient. I happened to be near when young Clifford quieted down and became himself. I heard an exclamation and, turning, saw the boy with his arms about his sister's neck. There was nothing spoken. Eugene kept his arms where he would not have had the strength to place them without the nerve the meeting gave him, as long as he could, then they dropped and he rolled down his cheeks. His sister passed her hand over his brow and whispered a few words, and in a little while the boy fell into a doze.

The tonic of this meeting was all that was required, and in a few days Eugene had gained sufficient strength for his sister to do other work. Meanwhile I had observed that Miss Clifford possessed an administrative ability, a cool head which she never lost and splendid nerve. She was one of those women with no necessity for self support, but with a spirit incapable of simply waiting for a husband. She had, therefore, chosen a profession for which she had marked taste and fitness. As soon as her brother was out of danger I placed her in charge of the ward, and she at once brought order out of chaos. After the war she left the profession to assume the position of wife, and I was the lucky man to whom she was united.

JAMES CARTER MOORE

EMINENT AS A JURIST.

Justice Harlan, Nestor of the Supreme Court.

Associate Justice John M. Harlan of the United States supreme court, who recently completed his sevenieth year and has served nearly twenty-six years as a member of the highest court in the land, is still so hale and hearty that he usually walks the seven miles between Washington and the Chevy Chase club to play golf.

Under the law Justice Harlan may, if he chooses, retire on full pay, but as there are neither kinks in his muscles nor cobwebs in his head he prefers to continue actively in the career in which he has so long been conspicuous.

All his life Mr. Harlan has been of a judicial turn of mind. His father was a lawyer, and he himself bears



JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN.

the name of the great chief justice, John Marshall, whose principles he has warmly espoused. Justice Harlan, who is a native of Kentucky, studied and practiced law with his father and thus was early brought into familiar intercourse with judges and lawyers of note.

In 1853 he was admitted to the bar and five years later was elected judge of the Franklin county court, but held the office for a year only. Removing to Louisville, he formed a law partnership with the Hon. W. F. Bullock. When the civil war was breaking out he organized and became colonel of the Tenth Kentucky volunteer infantry, one of the regiments constituting the original division of General George H. Thomas. At the time that he took this active part in the support of the national government the loyalty of his state was doubted by many, and the action of every citizen was of moment.

In 1863, having retired from the army, he was elected attorney general of Kentucky and filled that office for four years. He was the Republican nominee for governor of Kentucky in 1871 and again in 1875. Although it was expected that he would become attorney general in the cabinet of President Hayes, he was offered instead a foreign mission, which he declined, preferring not to hold any office not connected with his profession.

On Nov. 29, 1877, he was commissioned an associate justice of the United States supreme court. In the prime of his physical and mental manhood, being at that time but forty-four years old, he devoted all his energies to the work before him, and his judicial reputation has grown from year to year. In his particular sphere Justice Harlan occupies a prominent place among the great men of America and is justly honored for his eminent abilities and pure life. In point of service Justice Harlan is the oldest member of the supreme court.

BEAUTY EXPERTS AT ODDS.

How a Tempest Was Raised in Chicago Society.

Society in Chicago is much exercised and the beauty experts are divided in opinion over the proclamation in a recently published book that Mrs. Walter Farwell of that city is "the handsomest woman in America."

While the critics are of one mind as to the personal charms of the lady in question, some of them declare that there are several Chicago beauties who can give Mrs. Farwell cards and spades when it comes to good looks.

Mrs. Farwell, who is a Washington girl, the daughter of Mrs. Robert Wil-



MRS. WALTER FARWELL.

son, is described as a brunette whose hair is polished like Venus and crowned with the darkest hair, while her eyes are of midnight luster. In form she is of classic outline. She walks like a queen and rides with the perfection of grace.

Though she dresses exquisitely and is an authority on household and society matters, she is equally at home in

A TURK'S LOVE.

To those who believe that a Turk who purchases his wife and keeps a harem has no love story and knows nothing of the romance of love the following facts may be instructive. Suffice it to say that all the parties except the husband of the English girl referred to and Safvet Pasha are still alive, that I know them all personally and that I have simply altered their names for various reasons:

Hussein Bey—for so I shall call him—was a Turk of the Turks, of the bluest blood that ever flowed in the veins of a Moslem. His father was a pasha of great distinction, his mother the worthy daughter of a worthy follower of the prophet, and Hussein as a lad five times a day recited the Mohammedan creed with a fervor which left nothing to be desired.

In process of time Hussein developed artistic powers, which his parents were anxious to cultivate. "He must go to Paris," they said, "and learn painting of the glaiours, who know more about these matters than the children of the prophet, whom Allah keeps in his eternal rest."

So Hussein's name was one day mentioned to the Sultan Abdul Aziz, who was good enough to nominate him forthwith one of the attaches to the Turkish embassy in Paris.

At this time Hussein was about nineteen years old, good looking, smart, impressionable, and when he went off many a Moslem damsel who had hoped to marry him wailed with a great noise.

For a couple of years Hussein held his appointment in the Turkish ambassador's suit, painting with such success under the care of a first rate Parisian master that at length his pictures, which were usually from inanimate nature, were accepted and exhibited in the salon, to the delight of Hussein and the satisfaction of the public.

Now, I should mention that, room being scant in the embassy, Hussein had to find lodgings abroad and that he had taken apartments in the house of an English gentleman who resided in Paris. In that family there was a comely British maiden—daughter of the head of the house—whose long eyelashes, tripping step, silvery laugh and pleasant conversation made a great impression upon Hussein Bey. Gradually as the days wore on the Moslem youth fell in love with this dainty damsel, got to worship the ground on which she trod, sighed to make her his very own. And I grieve to say that the young lady, who should have discouraged these advances, smiled on his love.

At last he "popped the question" and was accepted and even received by the father of the family with a hearty welcome. All he now had to do was to speak to the ambassador—a good bearded old pasha—and the thing could be arranged forthwith, for Hussein's father had died, leaving him moderately rich, and there need be no delay of the nuptials.

Away went Hussein to his chief, "Excellency," he said as he bowed low and touched the ground in front of the pasha with the back of his hand. "I love a rare and radiant maiden named Ellen, an English girl. Give me your consent and I will be wed."

"Inshallah" (Please God), responded old Safvet Pasha. "Do you love this glaiour girl?"

"Yes, with all my heart," was Hussein's reply.

"Then come here this evening about 9 o'clock," replied Safvet. "We must act at once."

Hussein went away overjoyed. The ambassador had not reproved him. In fact, a subtle smile, doubtless of satisfaction, had played upon his face as he spoke. Hussein felt that all would be right.

That night he went to the embassy, there to be seized by servants of the pasha, tied hand and foot, gagged, sent off to Marseilles by the night train in a reserved carriage, thence to be shipped off in a Turkish vessel to Constantinople, where he arrived in due course and where he married forthwith by command of the stern Abdul Aziz, who never allowed himself to be disobeyed, a Mohammedan damsel selected for him by the sultan's chief eunuch.

I am not going to describe Hussein's grief, for that I should require many columns, but Hussein mourned for many a year for his first love, who, by the way, married an Englishman and went to live in a suburb of London.

One day Hussein was sent by the present sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, to London on a mission. I met him. We spent many evenings together, and I thought he had forgotten all about the British girl, when one night he asked me if we could go and see her. "Only a minute," he pleaded, "and in your presence." I will not detail how I arranged a meeting, but they did see each other, she in the squalid home of a man who earned little and drank much; he, the wealthy favorite of a great oriental potentate.

As I led him away, bathed in tears, he murmured:

"I don't think I should have felt so sad had I but found her happy."

Cautions This Time.

Maude—George, I don't think I ought to marry you, for I don't believe you love me one bit.

George ardently—Why, my darling, I am passionately, desperately, madly in love with you. I worship the very—

Maude—You talk well enough, George, but those letters you wrote to me when away were so cold and distant they freeze my heart. One would think you were writing to your washerwoman about her bill.

George (slowly)—Maude, I was engaged to a girl—once—before, and when she used me for breach of promise all my letters to her were read in—open—court.

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